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WHAT IS THE SEA-SERPENT.

AN INQUIRY OF INTEREST TO STUDENTS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A Scientific Statement of What We Know and Don't Know About It.

(From the Providence Journal.)

Twice within a few days parties of observers whose trustworthiness is beyond question, and in one case including a gentleman of such equable and conservative mind as a Boston schoolmaster, may be presumed to possess, have reported the appearance near Cape Ann of what, in deference to an established phrase, they are pleased to call "the sea serpent." The account they give is substantially the same as annually finds its way to public notice, and is likely to be received in the same spirit of sceptical levity which these narratives have always encountered. An attitude of unbelief toward all stories that smack of the sea water seems to be an ineradicable peculiarity of the human mind. A "fish story" is a synonym for a falsehood; the world over; and indeed in the court of public opinion every man who tells a tale of sights at sea is presumed to be a liar until he is proved innocent. The person, therefore, who has the temerity to state that he has seen the sea serpent quite regains his old position in public esteem; to have chance to observe an unfamiliar marine animal "swiftly undulating along a quarter of a mile to leeward" is a violation of the proprieties which one can hardly hope to live down. This state of things may be only one phase of the general disposition of mankind to acknowledge that others have seen what circumstances have conceded from his own sight, but at all events the so-called sea serpent, whose persistent reappearance may be regarded as a pathetic attempt on its part to prove its own existence to a skeptical world, is either jeered by the pamphletist or silently relegated to that region of myths over which Munchausen and Sinbad hold sway.

But even Sinbad's tales, when read in the light of modern science, are readily interpretable in many cases as distorted and magnified versions of actual facts. And, in much the same way, beneath the exaggerations and absurdities with which different observers have described the so-called sea serpent, there is undoubtedly a basis of truth. Indeed, what reason is there to doubt that such an animal exists? The only considerable argument against its existence is that advanced by Professor Owen, who objects that if it is a separate bone or its complete skeleton. Such objection, however, has no validity, because we never find the bones of whales or seals save on beaches where men have killed them; nor do we ever discover the skeletons of the countless thousands of birds that die in the forests. Nature is her own scavenger; we never come upon her burying places. We may not, therefore, deny the existence of a sea monster simply because its skeleton is not obtainable for the museums.

On the contrary, the fact of the existence of some snake-like marine animal unknown to the present zoologist is attested by a throng of witnesses. We may not rehearse here the long list of circumstantial and detailed narratives of those more or less eminent men, from Diodorus Siculus to the president of the Gloucester Common Council, who profess to have seen the monster in question. A librarian can furnish the inquiring reader with a sufficient number of these accounts to keep him in interesting reading for two days at least. The narrators include clergymen of all nationalities and creeds, physicians, experienced travelers, hard-headed business men, naval officers, and a host of others equally disinterested. Many of these accounts must be set aside as obviously colored by effect. But even then there remains an accumulation of evidence too weighty to be withstood. There is, of course, much exaggeration; but after setting aside the "personal error" for which trained observers always allow, the general coherence of the details given in these various accounts is indeed remarkable. All the observers have found the animal only in northern latitudes; all agree that its color is blackish brown above and white beneath; that its prominent eyes are on the top of its flattened head; that it moves at the rate of five or six knots an hour; that it is hermaphrodite, and that its undulatory movement is caterpillar-like, that is, vertical and not lateral. There is, too, substantial agreement in placing its size at seventy feet in length and twelve in circumference. This concurrent testimony from hundreds of witnesses, strangers to each other and often separated by centuries of time, sufficiently proves the existence of such an animal as they describe. A line of porpoises, a school of horse mackerel, a mass of sea weed, an old mast covered with barnacles and tossing on the waves, have each been mistaken for a sea serpent many times. Nevertheless, unless all the laws of evidence are at fault, there is in actual existence precisely such a marine monster as reported near Cape Ann. The so-called sea serpent is not a myth.

What, however, as a matter of fact, is the animal which bears in popular phraseology this alliterative name? We may boldly assert that it is not a serpent. All observers agree that it undulates vertically, like a caterpillar. But any one who takes the trouble to examine the structure of the vertebrae of serpents will see at once that they are capable of no other undulatory movement than a lateral one. There are plenty of sea serpents, but none over five feet in length, and all have their tails flattened sideways so that they move through the water like eels. We have, then, as described by its observers, an animal utterly unknown to the zoologist, at least as a contemporary form. The only inference therefore is that it is a survivor from some group of animals now on the verge of extinction. When, however, we ask what this group is, there are two equally good answers. It may be a survivor of the saurians—probably the elonosaurians—to whose form, as known to the paleontologist, it corresponds with sufficient exactness. Or it may be a survivor of some snake-like cetacean, such as the Zeuglodon, to whose habits it largely conforms. Most scientists—notably Professors Proctor and Agassiz—

—incline to the former supposition. There is, however, considerable ground for the latter. All its motions are catenary; it is uniformly described as thrusting its head out of water—a custom to which sperm whales are much addicted; its undulatory movement may be seen illustrated by every school of porpoises; it rises suddenly to the surface, or sinks like lead to the bottom, as every whaleman knows his victim can; and its harmlessness is also catenary, as whales seldom attack save under exceptional circumstances.

But whether the so-called sea serpent is a Zeuglodon or an elonosaurian, we shall never know for sure until we secure its skeleton for the zoologist to classify. And very possibly this may yet be done. The existence of the devilfish was long denied, but finally a specimen was obtained that silenced all cavillers. Heretofore observers of the sea serpent have either stared in childish wonder, run away in abject fear or peeped the monster with harmless shot. Some day an old whaler with a harpoon may make a capture that will bring him fame. The man who announces the reappearance of the so-called sea serpent is not necessarily a deluded ignoramus or a falsifier. Doubtless many of the monsters reported by summer excursionists have no more real existence than the semblance of a whale which Polonius saw in the clouds, but nevertheless there is in actual life and presumable vigor a curious, but harmless, marine animal erroneously called the sea serpent. To believe all the stories that are told of it is credulity, but to deny the possibility of its existence is presumption.

THE GREAT FRAUD.

An Ohio Paper Tells Why It Is Not Forgiven or Forgotten.

(From the Cincinnati Sun.)

A Democratic contemporary, which is disposed to take an extreme view of the matter, says it is to be hoped that the trustees of the Tilden library, when it is established, will make some provision to exclude Rutherford B. Hayes from the privileges of the munificent establishment. It even declares that "Hayes would be likely to steal the books which the late President Tilden provided for the benefit of the people." We quote this matter—a specimen of much that is current in print—to show that the indignation over the fraud of 1876 has not died out. General Hayes is a most respectable citizen of this State, against whom, personally, we are not disposed to rail. He was an excellent soldier, and acquitted himself well in the civil office which he held in Ohio. As a Republican, he felt himself better than his party, but the force of circumstances carried him along with his party into the greatest wrong that has ever been perpetrated under a republican form of government. General Hayes is, unfortunately for himself, the personal representative of the most massive fraud known to a hundred years of politics. Even his soldier record, his unassailable private character, and his dignified behavior in Ohio politics cannot save him from the disgrace of 1876.

Many of our Republican contemporaries seemed to think that the death of Mr. Tilden would stop the cry of "fraud." There was a degree of Republican self-congratulation on this point that bespoke a consciousness of guilt. The demise of the Democratic candidate of 1876 seems only to have intensified the Democratic feeling. Mr. Tilden, though a man of splendid attainments and especial value as a leader, was a secondary consideration. It was the Democratic party that was defrauded. More than that, it was the voice of the people that was stifled. The Democratic remembrance of the rascality of 1876-77 is not buried with the mortal remains of the Democratic standard-bearer. The monumental theft which postponed the ascendency of the Democratic party in the government for eight years—which, in other words, drowned popular acclaim for two administrations—will be particularly preserved in the minds of Democrats as long as one of the principal political thieves still undertakes party burglary in Ohio, and as long as another of the unscrupulous "visiting statesmen" is glorified as a Senator of the United States from the third State in the Union. We need scarcely specify personally for our intelligent readers.

The man who reads as he runs must recognize Edward F. Noyes as the original of the first picture and John Sherman as the man who sat for the second. The Republicans complain about constant Democratic reference to the fraud of 1876, but keep the feeling of distrust alive by persisting in debauching the ballot box. Since the work of '76, in which they were so eminently successful, they have won a Presidency by corrupting the State of Indiana, and in 1884 they flooded every voting precinct in Ohio with a corruption fund. They even undertook to smother the record of the rural districts of the Buckeye State for honesty in elections, and in Cincinnati they carried the day by organizing a mob of criminals to intimidate peaceable citizens and murder the regularly constituted officers of the law. The Democrats have ground for complaint. A dismal acclaim for a generation of men cannot wipe out the awful record.

An Idea for Fair.

A new idea for fairs has been successfully worked out at Islington, England, and might be adopted at bazars in this country, where gypsy tents, Christmas trees, kebabs at the Well and other well-known attractions become undesirable. At the Islington bazaar interesting historical buildings were reproduced, and their interiors embellished with liberally and tastefully supplied tables, presided over by ladies in characteristic costumes. The homes of Weyliffe, Tyndale, Shakespeare, Cowper, John Bunyan, William Penn, Milton and Wordsworth were reproduced. A military camp, with tents and other fittings, occupied a part of the hall, and a crowning of the May Queen and old English sports formed the entertainment of the fair. Alarmed for this country, different bazars might represent Priscilla's Kitchen, the homes of some of the poets and other historical buildings, while an Indian village would doubtless be a great attraction to any bazar.

"Going to learn to dance, Claude?" "Yes, I've taken steps in that direction."

AN ARMOR BELTED CRUISER.

Orlando, the Latest Addition to the British Navy, Just Launched.

(London Correspondence of Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Orlando, the first of the "armor belted cruisers" building for the British navy, was launched on the Tyne a few days ago by Palmer's Shipbuilding Company (limited). She is 300 feet long, 56 feet wide and 37 feet deep, with a normal draft of 21 feet and a total displacement of 5,000 tons. She is built of mild steel, with a belt of "compound" or "steel-faced" armor 5½ feet deep and 10 inches thick on a 6-inch teak plating, which extends for 200 feet on each side. On a level with the top of the "belt"—that is 11 feet above the water line—and running for the same length, there is a steel deck 2 inches thick, which at a distance of 50 feet from each end slopes downward at an angle of 30 degrees, with deck and plates 3 inches thick. The openings of the decks are protected by armor shutters or shell-proof gratings. The engines, boilers, magazines, etc., are placed beneath this protective deck, and the navigation of the ship and the firing of the guns will be directed from a "conning tower" covered with armor plates twelve inches thick, placed at the fore end of the ship, and communication to the various parts of the ship will pass through steel tubes eight inches thick. The ship is divided into one hundred water-tight compartments. The bulkheads in some parts being exceptionally strong. The engines and boilers (occupying four water-tight compartments) are placed in the middle of the ship, with coal bunkers on each side five feet wide. Beneath the engines and boilers there is a double bottom, divided into compartments, to be filled with ballast water. There is an open space between the bunkers and the ship's side. The magazines are placed in the middle line of the ship, fore and aft of the engines, with store-rooms, shaft tunnels, etc., on either side. She will have two sets of engines, one for each screw, of the "triple-expansion type," with forty-two-inch steam cylinders, indicating a horse power of 8,500, and will steam nineteen knots per hour. She has four funnels, with six corrugated flues each, capable of working to a pressure of 130 pounds per square inch. Her steering gear is placed aft, below the water line, and she has eight tubes for discharging torpedoes. Her armament will consist of two twenty-two-ton guns, ten five-ton guns and sixteen Hotchkiss quick-firing guns for throwing six and three-pound shot. The twenty-two-ton guns will be placed on the upper deck, mounted on automatic carriages placed on revolving platforms and protected by steel shields. The six-ton guns will also be placed on the upper deck, five on each side. Of the small guns fourteen will be placed on the main deck and one at the top of each mast. Her ship's company will consist of 420 officers and men, for whom accommodation is provided on the main deck. The builders have made rapid progress with this ship, as the contract was only given them in April of last year. They have another ship of exactly the same plan now building for the British government. The contract price for the hull and engines, each ship, is £224,000.

Talking of armaments, one is reminded that the Victory, Nelson's old flagship at the battle of Trafalgar, was one of the ships inspected by the "colonial and Indian visitors" who were the guests of the naval officers at Portsmouth ten days ago, and a comparison between her armament and that of one of the modern ships illustrates very strongly the revolution that has taken place in naval architecture and ordnance since the beginning of the century. While the Victory carried 104 guns at the battle of Trafalgar, the entire weight of her broadside was only 1,100 pounds, while one gun of the Indefatigable will throw a projectile of 1,700 pounds. In other words, one of the modern eighty-ton guns will throw nearly five hundred pounds more metal than the whole armament of the largest British ship engaged at Trafalgar. The gross tonnage of the Victory was 2,200 tons, while the Indefatigable has a displacement of 11,400 tons. The former is a wooden sailing ship of the old "three-decked line of battle" type; the latter is a twin-screw iron armor-plated turret ship, carrying four guns. The Indefatigable took a prominent part in the bombardment of Alexandria.

How Some of Us Are Talked To.

It is a foregone conclusion that the chief end of woman is to marry. And if no less true that the question of marriage is one in which the women of the world are more nearly interested than in any other. This being the case, the wonder grows that there are so many ill-assorted marriages and unhappy homes. * * * A little common sense in matrimonial affairs, although it may despoil the courting days of something of their romance, is a very good thing. * * * Man, of all animals, is the most susceptible to creature comfort. A loving heart and a caressing hand are very alluring, but they lose some of their charm if they force to a season of soup and show an utter disregard for shirt buttons and sock heels. * * *

A man has an eye for beauty in his wife. He notices the soft wave of her hair and the fit of her gown with a sort of pleasurable pride, even after time and trials have dimmed the glamor of first love. The successful wife must represent to her husband all the virtues; must be sympathetic, and at the same time sensible. She must be bright, entertaining and agreeable at home as well as abroad, and she must know how to preserve silence when it is desirable to hold her tongue, even though she is ready to burst with indignation. If she does not possess these qualities, let her cultivate them most assiduously. * * *

A woman's natural impulses lead her to choose a ruler and guide for her husband. Very few women desire to rule the man whom they link their destiny. The true wife gives to her husband her heart's best gift; she rejoices in him, is proud of him, and wishes the whole world to be in sympathy with her. But let her not err in thinking that her love can hold him. The love which prompts selfishness, thoughtfulness and consideration is very good, so far as it goes; but it must be tempered with common sense, so that in its absorption it does not neglect the comfort of the house and forget to be agreeable and dainty. —Philadelphia Record.

THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN.

HE IS EXPECTED SOON TO OCCUPY HIS COTTAGE.

Vacation of Cabinet Officers—Secretary Manning's Intention to Retire from Public Life—Other Matters.

(Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.)

WASHINGTON, September 17.—The out-of-town season is about over, and Washington society is returning to its city home. The President has probably grown weary of fishing and gunning in the Adirondacks, and no doubt is looking forward with pleasant anticipation to occupying his remodeled cottage on Georgetown Heights. Information received here yesterday indicates that he will start homeward this week. During his absence the repairs on the cottage have been pushed forward to completion, and the interior thoroughly cleaned and furnished, so that all is in readiness for the reception of the President and his wife should they arrive here tomorrow. It is the intention of the President to occupy his cottage until cold weather sets in, and even then he will probably spend his winter Sundays there. The return of the President will, of course, be the signal for the home-coming of the cabinet and other prominent officials, who feel that they are not entitled to a longer vacation than the head of the Government. Postmaster-General Vilas will return from his home in Wisconsin the latter part of the present week, although his wife and family may delay their return to Washington several weeks longer. Nothing definite is known about the intentions of Attorney-General Garland, but at the Department of Justice he is expected here before the first of October. Secretary Whitney has notified his steward to have the street residence ready for occupancy by the latter part of next week, and also to straighten up things at the summer house, near the President's cottage. Secretary Lamar will be in Washington when the first cabinet meeting is called. He enjoys taking his vacation in dribs and drabs whenever the spirit moves him. Secretary Bayard has remained at his post all summer, and it is probable that he will take a brief but much-needed vacation during the month of October. He will seek a secluded spot, where he can have absolute rest and an opportunity to recuperate.

SECRETARY MANNING'S RETIREMENT.

There are but few persons who expect Secretary Manning to resume his seat at the cabinet table. His personal friends and those who are in frequent communication with the members of the Manning family assert positively that his decision to retire from the Treasury Department is final, and has been unchanged since he forwarded his resignation to the President. The latter was and is now aware of losing Mr. Manning from his official family, but he realizes the true condition of Mr. Manning's health, and therefore cannot conscientiously insist upon his remaining. Had Mr. Manning's resignation been promptly accepted when tendered, there are hundreds of anti-administration people who, it is claimed, would have seized upon the opportunity to charge that there was a political disagreement between the President and his best friend and most valued political adviser. As soon as Mr. Manning's family physician diagnosed the case, he announced that it would be almost as much as the patient's life was worth for him to attempt to tax his brain with the cares and responsibilities, to say nothing of the physical duties, of Secretary of the Treasury. As much as the President regretted to make a change in his cabinet, he was obliged to bow to the inevitable. It was determined, however, that there was no necessity for hasty action, as Acting Secretary Fairchild was fully competent to manage the financial branch of the government. In the meantime, the extent of Secretary Manning's physical infirmities has become apparent to all reasonable persons, and he will reluctantly retire from public life.

EXTRA WORK FOR THE CLERKS.

One night last week, Chief Clerk Youmans was down to the Treasury Department about 10 o'clock, and found a force of clerks at work in the offices of the First Comptroller and Treasurer. As such an occurrence was somewhat unusual, Mr. Youmans asked a chief of division why the clerks were working at such a late hour. The chief frankly informed Mr. Youmans that the settlement of the Alabama claims had imposed a large amount of additional work upon the bureau interested in adjusting the claims referred to. Besides the extra work imposed, much annoyance and delay in the work have been occasioned by the frequent visits of claimants and their attorneys, urging that the cases in which they were directly interested should be made "special." The rules of the department require that all persons seeking information relative to public business shall be granted a respectful and patient hearing. Many of the Alabama claimants, it is said, presume upon this rule to occupy the time of the clerical force in endeavoring to push the settlement of their respective cases ahead of others. This class of claimants resort to the most adroit of methods to get into the Treasury Department after the regular visiting hour, which is 2 P. M. Every hour or half hour which they consume in appealing to clerks to make their cases "special" delays the work on other cases that much longer. To avoid any further trouble and delay by visiting claimants, Mr. Youmans has issued a special order which will prevent such persons from entering the Treasury building after 2 o'clock. Unless authorized to do so by the Secretary, no cases of this character will be made "special," but all of them will be settled in the order in which they were passed upon by the auditing officers. For the past week the clerks in Treasury Jordan's office have worked extra hours drawing drafts for the payment of these claims, which are promptly signed and registered and mailed to the respective claimants.

The principal clerks of the Navy Department are said to be dissatisfied with the present rules governing the purchase of supplies. Secretary Whitney expressed some time ago that the chief clerks of bureaus were in the habit of ignoring

contractors who are under agreement to furnish supplies to the department and procuring any articles they wished in open market. He issued an order at once directing that all supplies should come from the department contractors. The order at first was not obeyed, but after several of the clerks were forced to pay for the articles purchased in violation of it, they came to the conclusion that Secretary Whitney was determined.

SENATORIAL FISHERMEN.

Their Favorite Resort at Point of Rocks in the Maryland Mountains.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.)

POINT OF ROCKS, Md., September 16.—Along the Potomac near this little mountain station is one of the finest fishing places in the South. It is only thirty miles from Washington and has long been the favorite resort of legislators who have a penchant for the rod. Three rocks jutting up from the stream are known as the "Senatorial Rocks" and one further down as the "Presidential Rock." The people of the village are ever eager to tell of the famous fishing excursion here three years ago, when President Arthur and Senators Hampton and Vest sat on those rocks through four long hot days and caught nearly four hundred fish. Nearly every week during this summer one or more Senators have been seen perched on the rocks angling for the sportive swimmers. According to the testimony of the villagers, Senators Wade Hampton, Vest and Kenner are the most persistent and successful anglers, with Edmunds, Frye and Gorman as good seconds.

Hampton was here four times during the spring and early summer, and stopped over for two days after Congress adjourned. He is the most silent of all the Senatorial fishermen. While his negro body servant keeps the hooks baited and a mysterious dark flask ever at his master's hand, the Senator is constantly bent forward, with eyes intent on the sparkling, except when the passing fish bites. Then, unlike most Senatorial fishermen, he does not get excited and give the line a tremendous jerk, which throws the fish high into the air and back again into the water. As if afraid of hurting the swimmer, he elevates the pole gently until it is above the surface, draws it in slowly, lets the negro detach it; then in a moment the line is once more sinking in the water and the Senator is bending forward as if his life depended on catching every motion of the string. It is said that he has never lost a fish in getting it out of the water, and that no man who has ever appeared on these fishing grounds has been more successful than he. A catch of sixty fish in one morning is credited to him. For these caught, he selects a dozen or so for dinner and gives the rest to any one who will take them.

There are some queer stories about here about his servant going into the village three times a day to replenish the mysterious dark flask, but no eye-witness of the occurrence could be found. Besides it was a time when Senators Vest and Blackburn, of Kentucky, occupied the adjoining rocks, so if there be truth in the story, it is hardly inferior to the South Carolina Senator in handling the rod. Occasionally he gives way to a little excitement when there is a particularly sharp nagging at his line, but, generally speaking, he is a calm and scientific fisherman. He was the teacher of President Arthur in the science and this accounts for the warm friendship which exists between the two. Just before Congress adjourned Mr. Arthur wrote to the Senator, saying that as soon as his health permitted he would like to have another week at Point of Rocks. Senator Vest is not so silent. He intersperses his catches with stories about his fish successes in Missouri and out at Yellowstone Park, but all the time keeps a close watch on his line. He has, perhaps, the finest fishing tackle that has been seen in these parts. The rods are of a peculiar cherry-colored wood and his reels are silver. The set cost, it is said, about \$150.

Kenna, of West Virginia, who was out on the river yesterday, has the reputation of being the champion angler of West Virginia. Unlike every other fisherman, Senatorial or otherwise, he carries a real bait bottle. This may be accounted for by the fact that he is a temperance man in private life. The West Virginia Senator goes about fishing in regular backwoods style. Dressed in jeans trousers tucked in boots, a blue shirt and a short skirted alpaca coat, he looks like the typical dweller on the banks of the Potomac. He digs his own bait, attends to his own hooks and manipulates his catches with his own hands. In fact he believes in carrying out the role to the letter rather than playing the gentleman angler. He loves to tell stories about his great catches on the Kanawha, and the truth of his tales are corroborated by his home people. He ranks next to Vest as a fish-story teller and is infinitely more truthful.

Senator Edmunds, who is now up in Maine handling the rod, is known to every villager about here. What is strange to Washingtonians, they speak of him as the "jolly old bald-headed fellow." He is certainly bald, and his looks justify his being called old, but just how the people got the impression that he is jolly it is hard to guess. Perhaps he throws out away from the dignity of the Senate chamber. Perhaps the mountains and the river and the simple country people recall the days of his childhood and stir the sluggish blood in his veins to its youthful vigor. Perhaps the Senate restaurant-keeper kindly puts a good supply of cold tea in his valise for use on the Potomac, or perhaps—but after all it is all only guesswork. The Vermont Senator is like Hampton in silent contemplation of the waves and like him, too, in scientific management of his rod. In the latter part of July he caught fifty-six fish before noon. His attire while on the river is the same as he wears in the Senate chamber, with exception of a big, broad-brimmed straw hat, which is pulled down over his ears. Frye and Gorman have gained fame at Point of Rocks also, but they are too busy with their home campaigns this summer to give any time to angling. Frye never carries any rods with him. With a common line wound around a bit of wood he starts for the river and cuts a pole on the way down. In fact, he goes about the matter much after the manner of a schoolboy and seems to enjoy it all with a thoroughly youthful ap-

preciation. He was one of President Arthur's favorite companions, under the preceding administration. Senator Gorman lives only a few miles from Point of Rocks, and frequently brings his guests up here for a day's fishing. He is exceedingly fond of the sport. When he makes an unusually large catch he is as gleeful as a child. While on his way from Hagerstown to Baltimore, a few days ago, he had to stop over here for half an hour to await his train. He spent his whole time down at the river bank looking longingly at the "Senatorial Rocks." He said that as soon as the political conventions in Maryland were over he would come here for a week and bring the President with him, if the latter had not got enough of the sport up in the Adirondacks. M. L. R.

THE SOUL OF GOOD IN EVIL.

Some Timely and Beautiful Extracts from an Old Lecture by Paul H. Hayne.

Beyond the orbit of Longfellow's "red planet Mars," wheeling in circles which sometimes interest each other, astronomers discovered between 1800 and 1807 four small planetary bodies, to which Sir John Herschel has given the name of asteroids. Deviating so much from the path in the heavens described by the other tenants of our solar system that the zodiac must be expanded five times its breadth in order to include their orbits, bearing with them traces of atmospheric phenomena and gigantic scale; and what is most remarkable, presenting to the observer's eye not the form of an oblate spheroid, but edges rugged and uneven. It has been conjectured by Prof. Olbers, of Berlin, that these bodies originally united in one great planet, must by some strange explosion have been scattered into space, whenever they gleam upon us now with the light dimmed and mournful of a fragmentary existence.

A doom akin to this may be resting latent in the bowels of our own earth. Sometimes we hear the demon muttering his mysterious language and rolling his thunder underground, and then, unchained for a season, he riots in earthquakes or soars upon the fumes of volcanic exhalations.

Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried in a night. Lisbon, with her thousands, vanished like one of those dissolving "earth bubbles" to which Banquo compares the wind sisters in Macbeth. Rivers that have flowed for ages within their appointed bounds are precipitated into new channels, or swallowed up in the vortices of fire and smoke; fertile plains shiver like glass beneath the heel of some malign enchanter, and the whole globe trembles as with throes of dissolution.

And yet, in the economy of nature what are these convulsions but the normal vents where through the earth's overcharged heart-relieves itself of the pestilential humors—the consuming heats which scorch and boil about the core of her vitality? A few days, months, or years, and her severed visage assumes again the loveliness of old; from the site of her lava burials and the chasms which show where her sick agony was all but mortal, a richer verdure courts the airs of heaven and waters more brightly beautiful flash back the splendor of sunlight and stars.

The earthquake, the tempest, the passion of volcanic eruptions, are therefore but visitors of mercy. Were it not for their strong agencies, we too might have been rolling through the "voids immense," "shorn of our birth-right of life and glory! Desolation for an hour; stability for centuries; the upheaval of ancient landmarks to-day, and to-morrow the beginning of a new order of harmonious law, which progresses from epoch to epoch, along pathways of beneficence and love; sudden deaths to hundreds of thousands, and the fullness of life to myriads, perhaps of generations! Such are the sublime compensations of Providence. Who, then, can doubt that our wonderful physical system, balanced and controlled by the omnipotent arm, is but a type in its perfect advancement of that moral, spiritual and political world within whose orbit humanity is called upon to act the drama of its destiny. In the conceit of theoretic reason we may ask: "Wherefore, O God! hast thou done this and this?" Or with the Spanish sceptic's audacious hardness we may affirm that "if God had only consulted us at the creation, we could have favored him with hints to his advantage;" but, despite man's blasphemy and folly, the kind "All-Father" is leading him through processes he cannot comprehend to the noblest fruition of his hopes. "It suits not," says the archangel in "Festus."

It suits not the eternal laws of God That evil be immortal!

Yet on this temporary, partial stage of human action it is often through evil alone that the highest possible good is evolved, and in proportion to the magnitude of the evil may be the vital grandeur of the benefit.

These are truths that we should all deeply ponder. The temptation to utter skepticism to "curse God" in our hearts and "die" rises upon too many with a terrible force. Yet from the depths of sorrow and pain, if we listen aright, comes the voice of a beautiful consolation which seems to say: "From the ashes of corruption spring the flowers of verdure, the rich bloom of earth, and so in the loathesomeness of sin and error and all 'things evil,' lies hidden away, but slowly gathering its powers for resurrection, the immortal 'soul of good.'"

A Curious Case of Blindness.

Dr. Wilmark, a Swedish surgeon, having as a patient a young girl in whom he was unable to detect the slightest pathological changes in the right eye, but who was yet completely blind on that side, observing considerable defects in the teeth, sent her to M. Skogge, a dental surgeon, who found that all the upper and lower molars were completely decayed, and that in many of them the roots were inflamed. He extracted the remains of the molar on the right side, and in four days' time the sight of the right eye began to return, and on the eleventh day after the extraction of teeth it had become quite normal. The diseased fangs on the other side were subsequently removed, lest they should cause a return of the opthalmic affection. —London Lancet.

If his love lies dreaming will she tell the truth when she is wakened?

APACHES IN CAPTIVITY.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GERONIMO'S BAND OF MURDERERS.

The Women of the Tribe and How They Look and Dress—Other Chiricahua on Their Way to Florida.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., September 15.—Geronimo and his band of savages have attracted great attention here. The captive chief wore a white straw hat, a gray alpaca coat, white trousers and army boots, brand new. He was evidently much tickled with them. His black eyes frequently wandered to them with a glance of proprietary approval. He moved around the tents given him, quietly conversing with and directing his men. He was not impressive, but he was interesting. Flowing from under his coat was a piece of white cloth, alarmingly like a shirt tail, of table cloth proportions. It flapped wildly in the warm breeze and beat against the legs of the great chief in emphasis of the few things he had to say.

George Wratten, the interpreter, acted as the medium of communication between prisoners and captors. It was a curious scene when Geronimo was assured of his safety. He and Natchez had been suffering with the idea that they were to be instantly executed. They looked miserably at the shining weapons of the sentries, and ever and again glanced at their conchabed braves with a kind of sea-sick-ness-kept-green gaze. General Stanley stood squarely in front of the wholesale and retail murderer. A little apart was a crowd listening to the queer language and its translations. The interpreter, a carriage belt crossing his broad breast, waited for the general to speak.

"Tell him," said the commander, "that when the white man makes peace he makes peace. Tell him that I am now his best friend. Let him go to his tent and rest. Tell him that I will be near during the day. He and his friends shall not be harmed."

The speech was slowly put into the tongue of coughs and grunts. As its meaning came to the bronzed band which had gathered around, they broke into a chorus of grateful "ughs" and their white teeth flashed.

Taken by and large, the hostiles are a queer gang. Their not intricate but unique raiment, handkerchief head gear, tawdy decorations, small figures and long coarse hair looked strangely juxtaposed to the white tents and trim figures of the soldiery. A noticeable peculiarity was the great development of their legs and their slender arms. It is a manifestation to see them walk. They move with the lightness and springy grace of the panther.

One of the women had no nose. Another had a very handsome face and was dressed with more taste and cleanliness than her companions. She sat in front of Chief Natchez' tent. Some said she was a princess, but if so her domain has gone from her. The females were very small. They wore their hair parted in the middle and the long elf locks fell into their eyes. Chief Natchez' boy, a sturdy youngster of fourteen, was especially noticeable. He moved freely about and laughed gaily at the curiosities of the whites. Around one of his limbs was tightly bound a leathern thong, so tightly, in fact, as to bury in the flesh. It was probably an effort to relieve a strained tendon. He was scarred in several places, and when asked what caused it, picked up a small stick and intimated that he had been hurt in riding through the undergrowth.

On the very day of Geronimo's surrender he became a grandfather, and next day the mother of the papoose was striding along the rough valley with the other captives, her infant strapped upon her back. This hardness is characteristic of the squaws of the Apaches perhaps to a greater degree than any other Indian women. The whirlwind of an Apache flight carries with it the women and children of the tribe as long as the pursuing foe is imminent. When the mountain fastnesses are reached the non-combatants are secreted and the braves begin their murderous retreat from the avenging troops.

The wife whom Geronimo rescued from Fort Apache at the risk of his own liberty and life is one of the many who contrive to make his wigmaw happy or otherwise, as the case may be. She is said to be a woman of rare intelligence, great courage and entire devotion to her savage lord, accepting with thankfulness her fraction of his affections and giving in return an absolute allegiance.

Captain Lawton gives it as his opinion that Geronimo is 50 years of age, though the old reprobate will confess to be 45. He is purely a self-made man. That is, he is an accomplished murderer and a crafty cut-throat, and is not a hereditary chief. The Captain says he is bright, intelligent, a good talker, crafty, cruel and treacherous to a wonderful degree. During the past eighteen months Geronimo and his followers are credited with having murdered no less than 400 persons, a majority of whom were Mexicans, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. Captain Lawton has himself seen fourteen of the victims after death.

Natchez is a son of Cochise and hereditary chieftain of the Chiricahua. He is described by officers who know him as a very remarkable man. He is by long odds the finest looking of the band. He is six feet in height, sparsely built, muscled like a race horse, and straight as an arrow. He has an open and expressive countenance, which says as plainly as it could be said that the man is a dauntless, desperate and competent warrior. He wore a kind of bizarre dress made up apparently from odds and ends pulled from dead men. There is a great difference between him and his medicine man, Geronimo. In the first place he is much younger; secondly, he is a man of his word, while his ruler is a most wonderful and ornate liar.

On Sunday night last, the wine storeroom of Messrs. Elliott & Armfield, near Tradesville, Lancaster, was consumed by fire together with about 500 gallons of fine domestic wines. The wine house had just been finished and cost about \$500. While it was burning a tenant house on Mr. Elliott's plantation was also discovered to be on fire. Both fires were of incendiary origin.